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AN INTERVIEW

WITH

DAVE HENDERSON

(Interviewer: Mike Rooney, John Knoll,
Rick Ray, Barbara Felt and Nancy Andette)

A: early founder of Star Trek (David
Henderson) has been interviewed
in a lecture at Kansas State University
in Springfield, Illinois, after his
lecture, Henderson was interviewed
by a group of people for Star Trek
and underground magazine published
in the state. It is with their per-
mission that this interview is repeated
here.

Q: Basically, in your view of our species as an intelligent one?

A: Well, I think that we're rather like crawling infants now. The question
somehow comes up, "What would a truly intelligent species think of us?" I
think that their attitude would be to look on us as sort of lucky infants. I
remember as clear as my first family playing out in the middle, looking the
neighborhood kids over the head with sand shovels, wrestling, crying, fighting,
and I used to look at them and think, "Well, they're healthy kids, they're
come out of it. I'm glad I have this gummy approach to life." I think probably
a truly intelligent species is looking at us in the same way. All this may seem
horrible to us, but probably they don't look at it such differently than a
lamp on the head with a sand shovel.

Q: Was there any thought given in Star Trek to the evolution of humans, or
why other species look like they do?

A: Well, we realized that, with human errors being all that was available to
us, we would have to explore things to humanoid things. That's why we went
to what we called class B planets, those remarkably like Earth, parallel of
Earth. It would have been more interesting certainly to really explore dis-
tinct life-forms, but we were only able to do it occasionally.

Q: Could you tell us a little about the physical problems of putting together
a television show? For example, with the evolution of Star Trek, how were
things worked out?

A: The primary thing is putting together a TV show, and the thing that made
Star Trek possible was the people behind the camera, as well as the people in
front, the actors and crew.

We offered Star Trek to N.B.S., and they said they wouldn't take it. They
said it would be impossible to do those effects, to make new costumes every
week, new sets and all that. We finally got Desilu to do it, but they were
right, it was nearly impossible. The only way we were able to do it was that we
put together as good a crew as has ever been seen. And we had some pretty darn
fine actors. Because I created a show doesn't mean that I thought of every-
thing in it. I put together a skeleton of a way it would go. For example,
a skeleton of Mr. Spock, but it was the fine actors and interpretation of Leon-
ard Nimoy that fleshed out into Mr. Spock. Not only was the early show
we work evolved as Leonard worked on him. It's the whole unit that's basic
to Star Trek how like that.

Q: How did those problems were the reason that you stepped away from very
early life? or?

A: Yeah, we covered our first year to cost us about \$2,000 an episode just
to put the sets on Spock. It would take us two hours every morning and an hour
at night, it was always being held up when they would start to fall off or
out behind in a fight or something.

Q: We varied other actors and sets and sets, but unfortunately, actors tend
to look like that, and sets, and sets, and sets, and sets, and sets, and sets, and sets.

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STAR TREK TODAY

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WIND OF TREKION
by Jim Swenson

STAR TREK LIVES! The Star Trek movie, although much delayed, is still very much alive.

The movie was originally set to be filmed last fall, but this was gradually pushed up until it became this summer (Do Paramount believe NBC's *The Loveboat Wars* goes July if no date) and I have heard rumors stating that shooting won't start until 1977. Gene Roddenberry, speaking at the University of Nebraska this past April, said he had signed contracts with Paramount to start filming in October of this year.

The fly in the ointment is the script, or lack of one, or lack of one that Paramount will accept.

Originally, Gene Roddenberry was going to write the script, and he did so. The script, by all reports, took place after the Enterprise's five year odyssey. With the crew regulars in different walks of life (Kirk holding down a military desk job, McCoy as a veterinarian, etc). The plot involved bringing the regulars back together in a newer and bigger starship to battle a creature that claimed to be God. That, evidently, was the script Paramount turned down last summer.

Then, there seems to have been a struggle between Roddenberry and Paramount over who had control of the movie. I know little about this at all, except that LOCUS reported at one point last October that Dick Silver was "currently in charge of production" of the Star Trek movie, with out saying that Roddenberry had been thrown out. Apparently, Gene Roddenberry is still very much in at this date.

But he doesn't seem to be in as the supervisor. Since throwing out the first script, Paramount has hired five writers to write scripts for the movie, the best one winning production and a sale. LOCUS announced last October that

WIND OF TREKION

John D. F. Black and Robert F. were two of the people hired. ^{504x} veteran scriptwriter, one was a producer of Star Trek in the 60s, and wrote a first season script, "The Motion Time". Silverberg also verified the LOCUS report in a letter to *Nebraska Election Review* has no scriptwriting experience that I know of, but he is a gifted and experienced hand in the science fiction genre, having most recently won the Nebula award for the novella "Born With The Dead".

The Star Trek movie THE FINAL FRONTIER went into detail in a piece on the ST movie concerning rumors of Marlon Brando also being approached to do a script, but these rumors are unsubstantiated, and I have heard them from no other source.

One thing seems certain when the film does start shooting, the original cast will be there. Paramount seems to have buried the idea of having big names in place of the originals. Leonard Nimoy said in a Chicago radio interview this past May that he and Will Shuster were very close to finalizing a deal with Paramount to act in the ST movie, and that other cast members were also near that point, if they had not already signed. At this point, everybody involved seems willing to work in the Star Trek movie, the money and other things being right, of course.

The film's budget has been announced with figures of 3 million dollars from one source, and 5 million at another, typical figures for a major production.

The Niagara process, a process reported last issue which would write or chronology live action against miniature sets using synchronized cameras has apparently been dropped as a method of filming the Star Trek movie. Evidently, the process is not going to be as cheap as Paramount hoped.

At his University of Nebraska symposium, Gene Roddenberry predicted the Star Trek movie would be released in the summer of 1977, possibly coming to the sticks or near the end of a gift of ST features and in production of scheduled for sequels of these last budgets much higher than the ST movie. The success or failure of these other films could have a big effect on the release date of the Star Trek movie, and on the fan office appeal. (Sources: LOCUS, THE FINAL FRONTIER, THE NAGARA COUNCIL, SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW, THE MONTREAL TIMES, and Love The Star Trek Cast.)

or scripts, we can probe more deeply into the characters. Or, as Robert said, "To prepare them, we can afford better talent."

Q: Will this have evolved for the Star Trek crew? Will technology have gone on? Will there be a new technology?

-GK: Well, we'll have to make some changes. I doubt if we had improve on writer-anti-writer propulsion power, the transporter and that sort of thing. But it is true that some things have happened. We designed the ship over 12 years ago, and although we tried to keep ahead in our instrumentation, science has caught up with us somewhat. In many read-out displays and things like that they've passed us. Our ship, if we did it just as we did it in the past, would look a little old-fashioned. We're going to have to get together with our friends at NASA and JPL and try to jump ahead again. We're going to need some good technicians.

Q: Is Leonard Nimoy going to play Mr. Spock in the future?

-GK: He's told us a number of times that he'd love to, providing the studio doesn't ask him to work for nothing.

Q: If he didn't, would you have a Mr. Spock? Could you replace him?

-GK: I'd rather not. I think it'd hurt as if we had to. If we did, I think we'd go with the actor who played James T. Kirk's father, (Jack Leonard).

Q: Do you see any good viewpoints for the series? After all this wandering around, did you conceive of any resolutions?

-GK: I never conceived of that. If it goes as it's going and becomes a sort of pop classic, like Sherlock Holmes or Thomas, I think it would be revived over and over, with new characters. I mean, we're 300 hundred years ahead in the program, so we've got a lot of time before you start catching up with us in that respect.

Obviously though, being a writer and a reasonably proud man, I would like to have something to, called as my technique besides Star Trek. I'd like to try. I'd like to write some contemporary things. I'd like to do some novels. If I don't, it won't be for lack of trying.

Q: What was working in early television like?

-GK: It was much freer and much more open. Networks were not the absolute arbiters of what got on the air. Good writers and directors were listened to in those days. Unfortunately, television just hasn't been successful. The sort of advertising now is enormous. The profits of the networks are just everywhere and they intend to keep it that way. There's no point in the people writing the networks and saying that they're doing wrong. They just say, "We can see you're doing wrong." We're making more of a profit than we've ever made in our lives", and to the corporate mind that is success.

Today, the networks reason your wisdom is as bad as that that you have only three places to take a contract. These networks who are really no different from one another. They have the total choice of what goes on the air, and their choice is made solely on whether it will bring in a mass audience that they can sell a product to.

Q: About the educational network (Public Broadcasting Service)? Do you think a show like Star Trek could succeed there?

-GK: The problem with the educational network is that they have no budget. If I wanted free, they still wouldn't afford to build one quarter of the sets I'd need, they have hire a good producer and pay top salary and salaries. The only public network that exists is the BBC (British Broadcasting Corporation), and that's actually pay television. They put a tax on every television, the way or on the other, you've got to pay for what you get. So pay for what we get now with commercial tv-- with every bar of soap you buy, every bar of detergent, every spray can, etc. etc. pay tv, already. It's full when they say don't pay for what you're already getting free now, because you're not getting it free. All you're doing now is paying for stuff you don't want. It would be infinitely better for us to pay specifically for what we want. That's the way the theatre has always supported itself. That's the way I've written

have always supported themselves. It's the only way you can ever get on writing for any--any audience.

-Q: Do you think that the network executives learned anything from this incredible response of the viewers when Star Trek was threatened with cancellation?

-CP: They remember that Trek as being some systematic formula which they've found and determined to find. They're convinced that when they find the same formula the audiences will flock to them again. It's useless to tell them that it's because we were concentrating on important things, because it had meaning. They will not listen to that.

-Q: Don't you think that there's a sort of consciousness-raising going on with the program level of television?

-CP: Well, no. Shows like All In The Family are really happy accidents. It doesn't mean that television is improving. All In The Family was put in the last half of a year, because they didn't have anything else. People have forgotten that they used to make an announcement, when it first came on, to the effect that "We know this is a little rough, now we're just trying to have some fun". They were so nervous. Now All In The Family passed suddenly to a 10 rating. Before that of the average show, the chance you get those other shows, like Gunsmoke and Lawford & Son, is that all of a sudden All In The Family was selling so much better than that the producers would push the network around. But those happy accidents don't mean it's improving. Even with them, 95 percent of television is trivia. You cannot bombard a whole people with trivia day and night without creating trivial minds. This is one place where I get irritated at the historians, the philosophers, at the university professors, because they say, "Well, I don't watch television." Well of course they don't; it isn't aimed at people like them. It's aimed at the middle-class, impressionable class. You go down a working man's street in any city, and you'll see, in every window of every house, that flickering light. And it's on from sundown to midnight. You might say, "Well, doesn't television bring some good things--news and special 'events'?" Yes, it does, but again, that comes as an historical fact: that drama appeals people much more strongly than news ever did. I think the best example of that is during the Vietnam War. There were hundreds of thousands of feet of film, of news television, showing what was an even more terrible horror of it, the reality of it, the bombing of villages. It didn't reach the public at all. To show that was fiction. What was real to the public was Barney Miller. At the time they were seeing Vietnam and not doing the slightest thing about it, the actors in soap operas were hardly able to go out in the streets without being catcalled. That's well up.

-Q: Don't you think though, that the appalling drama of Watergate, as conveyed through television, hit with the kind of dramatic force you're talking about?

-CP: Yes, I think it did in a way. Yet, bad writers of the last 20 years on television have this to write terrifically about they knew about government. It wouldn't have gotten that far. Think, bad writers, who all felt very strongly about Vietnam, were able to write what was happening over there--dramatic programs, because drama has this capacity to reach out and make you identify with what's going on--that Watergate just may not have happened. Drama's not like news, where you're just an observer. In drama, you become a participant; you hurt when the actors hurt. Much of what we hear in Vietnam, not only in dignity and morality, but in national treasure, could have been saved. I think that the best example right now is that there is one man in the world that Russia is afraid of: a novelist (Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn). Because in his novels you feel it; it isn't just an historical news thing you're reading. That's why in Europe, in their cities, you can see

new stories to compile and posts, rather than literary figures. Historically, drama has always inspired people. The Civil War is a good example; a very bad novel, Uncle Tom's Cabin, had more to do with involving us in the Civil War than all the news accounts that were written for 18 years before.

-Q: But isn't television making some kind of positive social statement in spite of itself?

-E: To some degree, but there's still a great deal of trivia. Among most previous programs, for example, the total end to the drama, the answer to the thing is to catch the criminal and put him in jail. They don't go too deeply into what it's really all about. And there's still a great deal of censorship in television. I, for example, couldn't write and get on the air a program that was really honest about the industrial-military machine in this country. Cause, was, those are sponsors, and that's a shame.

I can't write a strong statement, one way or the other, about religion. They know they'd be bothered with letters. Sam has loosened up a little, which is nice, but that's not the whole basket of problems we've got. On "All in the Family" we finally heard a toilet flush. Big deal, we finally admit humans have holes. That's hardly a startling advance.

I don't ask that every program on television be grappling with eternal truths. "The Beverly Hillsbillies" are fine; I just don't want that to be 90 percent of what's being broadcast.

-Q: Do you have any real fantasy ideas for programs, if you could do what you wanted?

-E: Well, some of them are just sheer entertainment. I'd like to do a horror, supernatural thing, that had some of the rich old myths of Greek and French mythology -- a continuing character thing. I have a pilot script for that. I think it could be fun.

I have another show in which I want to show police work, drama, not as it's done now, but invent a place where they got a huge grant. Having worked in police work -- I was probably the only A.G.M. card-carrier they had on the Los Angeles Police Department -- I was always appalled at how police work was done. You can train a man for four months in the Academy (in some states 90 days), and you give him a gun and the power to take life, power you don't even give to a doctor. I feel strongly that policemen should be trained as we train doctors, and they should be paid accordingly. They should be licensed by the state. I think they should have all the equipment that our technological society can afford them with. For example, I think it is damn foolishness that you give a policeman a gun with which there are two choices to kill or not to kill. If you kill, there's no way of saying I'm sorry. We have the technology now to have weapons that will shoot, that will shoot a manway, a transmutating dart, that will shoot many things. It seems to me a tremendous foolishness that we haven't equipped policemen that way. A policeman goes out with a notebook and a pencil like they did in 1915, when we've got portable video equipment they could use to videotape the crime scene. I think that once they're properly trained they should have the power of computers for minor crimes, rather than filling up our jails with people waiting to be tried. For major crimes, with their video equipment going, they could dispose of the case right there if the party agreed. The case would then be recorded and entered in court.

-Q: That's a very interesting concept, hopefully one the networks will pick up on.

Well, it's seems we've exhausted you. Thanks for taking time to speak with us.

-E: Everyone likes to talk about his work, and it's a double pleasure talking to you folks.

-Gene Roddenberry & Rudine Singson

Summary History

Summary, The History

Summary, The History, The History of a Distant World

Summary, The History, The History

Summary, The History, The History, The History

Summary, The History

"I, for one, do not believe in angels." - Mr. Spock, The Godling Series.

Kirk leaned on the back of Uhura's chair and studied the display of lights over her shoulder.

"That's the most unlikely place I can imagine to receive a distress call from a planet," he was saying and studying his information, not looking at her.

"The message was brief, Captain, but quite clear. The Neptune colony was contained by mass."

"But a message?" Still frowning, Kirk eyed one of the displays to Spock's left, "anything?"

Kirk shook his head without raising his eyes from the sensor screen. "Nothing as yet, Captain. It will be some minutes before Neptune comes into sensor range."

"Let me know as soon as you pick it up," Kirk went down the steps to the command deck and stood beside it, frowning up at the screen.

The stars in this outer fringe of the galaxy were the oldest of all: third generation stars, the cooling ones, red giants and an occasional dwarf like dwarf stars. There were some blue stars, Spock was aware with the station of great distances and stretched with purified elements; the great was small. There were bits of dust and rubble in which could be seen dangerously large asteroids, some of which until a ship was upon them and it was too late for any but those with the fastest of reactions or the strongest of deflectors. Kirk sat hunched over the helm console, a tight white line around his lips.

Kirk was an extrovert type and the religious beliefs he held were liberal ones. Although he accepted the fact that men are felt compelled by their convictions to rescue the galaxy and about themselves away from it, he found it extremely difficult to understand. The belief of the Three Brothers had seemed to him, the belief from life they'd found now forced one of the most distant subjects of mankind. Neptune II was a captured asteroid that was in an almost circular orbit between a ball of scorching black rock and a fierce gas giant that was slowly condensing and freezing as the primary star cooled. The odd feature of the asteroid, and the one that rendered it of use to the people of the Three Brothers was the fact that its interior was permeated with tunnels and caves and chambers, and its distant hard outer crust was impervious to airless. It was bright, barren and isolated, and these qualities made it ideal for its inhabitants - or perhaps even more so. They lived on the inside of the rock ball, keeping, down to the water they drank and the air they breathed had to be paid for by charitable donations and collected by the single most powerful fighter. There had been no other place since they were enough to ensure that the brotherhood's whole of poverty was not as little one.

To Kirk's mind, there were very few misadventures that could have arisen; the loss of contamination of supplies was one, the breakdown of a major reproduction plant was another, an injury or illness too - even for the simple facilities of the world. To cope with was a third. There was the faintest possibility that an impact had damaged the asteroid's outer shell and caused an escape of air, although in that Kirk suspected that they would all have

been dead long before anyone thought of us; a distress call, and there was the almost instantaneous arrival of this. This sector was held a galaxy from both the Fendian and Klingon sectors. The distress call had come on a tight beam sub-space frequency aimed at Star Base twenty-three. The guards had intercepted, and now she stood fully between the stars, joining the beam back to source.

"Klingon system using beta sensor range," Spock said from the con-prior, "I read no previously uncharted bodies, no debris, no radiation, no dispersed atmosphere. Nothing unusual at all, Captain, listing into visual range."

Kirk looked over his shoulder at Spock, "Any further sightings, Lieutenant?"

"Negative, Captain, I'm talking on all frequencies."

"Very good," Kirk looked again at the screen. The asteroids had a faceted polished black surface that stood out solidly against the dull black of space; one crescent glowed dull orange in the light of the sun. It grew steadily as the steadily approached, slowing. "Standard powered orbit, in. Go, in," Kirk said, sitting down. "There's not enough gravity to swing us around."

"Standard orbit achieved, sir."

"I have ... Father Rickley, Captain," Spock said, sounding uncertain of the strange title.

"Put him on, Lieutenant," Kirk told her, settling back.

"Captain Kirk?" Rickley's voice came from the speakers, a gentle voice, but braced with worry. "I'm very glad you're here as quickly. This terrible thing is affecting us all."

"I'm backed up sharply and Fleet Spock at his side, listening intently.

"What's your problem, sir?" Kirk inquired, "Some form of epidemic?"

"No Captain, nothing like that," Rickley said, sounding even more agitated. "We're dying. It's a ... disease, we're being haunted."

Richard Spock sat next to his father by side in the reception hall of the base. They learned a lesson in the reception of their authority was. Rickley's voice had been clear to the speakers. As it was forced to a gun handle in his hand, he still had and Rickley's knowledge of the asteroid, even, before. There were two men, one, both in the room, both had been changed. There were 'Overlight' or to around the walls, but at only one third the density recommended in the Star Fleet manual. Consequently, the chamber was dark to the officers' eyes and the light reflected at odd angles from the rock floor. A semicircular collection of old style starship armchairs bolstered the weak gravity field of the asteroid, but even so, their weight was only eighty percent of normal, and this left them with an unexpected light-headed feeling. There was a steady flow of fresh clean air through the chamber, but the temperature was rather low, another indication of odd forces.

Father Rickley was there to greet them. In the years since Kirk's flight and only previous meeting with him, the man's body had grown even frailer. Inside the dark floor length robes of the Brotherhood. If his head had not been shaved bald, his hair would now have been white, and his ears had grown large with age. But his eyes were the same bright silver blue stone looking in the laughter lined face, and as he stepped forward, his hands bent in the vast silence, his back was as straight as steel.

"Captain Kirk, you are welcome," Rickley said, looking so low that they could see the contact freckles on the top of his head.

"It's good to see you again, sir," Kirk said, smiling, "This is my first

The small red candles were thus the next ones to light, each to set at the same time had been snuffed and put back, and although the light was so strong as here, it reflected back and forth, until the whole chamber was tinged with an indirect glow.

So after was a low bare shelf above which the native rock had been cut away to form an alcove that filled almost the whole width of the wall and reached up twenty feet to the roof. Kirk and Spock understood at once Hickley's remark at the catastrophic event that had taken place. The arena was tall enough to fill the alcove, and it lay now prostrate on the floor, broken into six large pieces of pale pink stone.

For a long time they stood in awe, simply looking. Around them the brethren began to stir, to rise, bow their heads in supplication at the arena, perhaps some symbols of the dying God to rule them before, and then they began to file out, heads bowed and hands lost in their sleeves. Spock turned as his eyes followed them and his pupils opened wide as he discerned the faces leading the shrouded hosts. The face caught his attention and held it, a slight frown creased the flesh between his eyes. They bowed like the man's face with all their solemn intensity, but he ignored them. He shuffled out of the chapel behind the man in front of him, his eyes downcast, and away out of sight along the passage. Spock looked after him a long minute and then reluctantly set the matter aside for future consideration.

He found that Kirk and Hickley had gone forward to examine the fallen arena and went to join them. Both arms had broken off and the main shaft was cracked into four more or less sized pieces. The breaks were clean along the lines of fracture and had clearly been caused by the impact when the momentary toppled from the shelf onto the rock floor. The stone was of a fine pink material, its brown veins and nodules like inkblot patterns. Spock provisionally identified it as a petrified sandstone of a type unique to A'Part II, III and V. It was expensive and the transportation of its replacement would cost the House of Monarchs dearly. Spock raised an eyebrow at Kirk and went to examine the other. The setting of the arena was shattered, but to Spock's expert eye it seemed as if it had been secure enough.

"An opinion, Mr. Spock?" Kirk asked from vines behind his shoulder.

"At this juncture I can see no reason for the stone to have fallen, Captain."

"It can't have taken an almighty push to throw a thing like that over. The weight must have been tremendous."

Spock considered the stone. "Indeed," he said, agreeing to both points.

Hickley's hands appeared for the first time and fluttered in the air like a pair of withered white wings. "How can I be certain what happened," he said, "it was the shortest hour, we were sleeping. The air was... suddenly filled with a great roaring and then there was a crash that shook the bedrock. We rose and found this." He gestured in despair at the broken stone.

"A falling?" Kirk repeated questioningly.

"A terrible noise filled with grief, it was everywhere, in every man's mind."

"It would seem that you do have a premonition," Kirk said thoughtfully. "We'll have to take some investigations. Master Spock, arrange a complete environmental probe and spectrum analysis. I want to know anything unusual about this point."

"Acknowledged."

"Perhaps you could describe the other strange events more fully," Kirk said to Hickley.

"Of course, Captain, I'll show you where they happened."

The two men moved slowly off, talking in low tones. Spock watched them go.

He could have gone along, but he found the ritual conducted by several brethren on this occasion to be considered as a superstition would bring him no closer

- pulling the syntony of the fallen stone. Faintly he recalled the position of the stone. It was solid rock without a crack or cranny here there. He gave the remainder of the night a perfunctory look over him. He'd reported, found nothing.

Speak stood alone in the back room and listened to the silence. It was of a quality he remembered from a day a long time before when he had stood beneath the dome of one of the great ancient cathedrals of Europe, and looked up with youth's wide-eyed wonder at the magnificent architecture. The wide vault of holiness was the same here as it had been there, although ten thousand light years and five centuries in time separated the consecration of the two places. Speak could understand the humans' sense of awe, but he could not join with it; to his mind he stood alone in the back room.

He indicated his communication and signaled the standing to leave his board.

Later, McKay had decided to be passing the transporter room doors at just the moment. Speak eyed his body and turned toward the turbo lift. Not to be thwarted, McKay fell into step beside him.

"Speak, what's going down there?" I've been hearing all sorts of wild tales about ghosts and hauntings."

"The human race has an amazing capacity for rumor, doctor," Speak remarked mildly.

McKay caught his arm and pulled him up short. "I heard that the cross of St. Ives has been smashed!"

Speak's first asked the question before his words. "The what, doctor?"

"The stone cross, it was given to the Brotherhood by the people of St. Ives for their charitable work during the four worst plagues."

Speak smiled slowly.

"Well, is it smashed?"

"Yes, doctor, completely. The Captain is investigating below. I have some surveys to make on the bridge." The turbo lift arrived and Speak stepped into it. McKay looked after him long after the door had closed, his face creased with fussy lines.

The evening shift was changing to the night watch when Speak reported to the Captain's quarters, note pad in his hand. Kirk was sitting at his desk and looked up as the Vulcan came in. Speak noted without comment that his eyes were fixed thick with a sort of nervous tiredness.

"I take it your investigations revealed nothing unusual where, Captain?" Speak inquired, depositing the pad on the desk.

"Nothing beyond a few unexplained traces of broken equipment. Certainly no sign of anything supernatural, although I'm not sure I'd know such a sign if I saw one. Have you turned up anything?"

"A list of negatives, with the exception of known inhabitants and installations, no life forms, no energy fields, no power output."

Kirk allowed his stylus to slip through his fingers until its tip lodged on the desk top and then turned it over and let it slide back the other way. "Is there any chance," he said slowly, "that all this had a psychological cause?" Say, a mass hallucination?"

"The broken equipment you have seen with your own eyes, and the smashed cross was certainly no hallucination, doctor," Speak said in an even, abridged tone that indicated he didn't consider the proposition worth evaluation. Kirk agreed with him.

"If we haven't moved out of square one," he said, still turning the stylus.

"Captain, I took it upon myself to do some research with the aid of the

"Library room," Kirk spoke with a certain ease, and then very quickly.

Kirk smiled a little wider, "That's all right, Mr. Spock, but I don't think you should be concerned at this moment, but let me remark now, "While in the library, I remember you was one of the trustees, it was a time I thought I particularly liked, because I found that my country had not shared the values of the people in those times, and Kirk considered nothing as a common knowledge Spock's memory. He discovered the idea as first known as he had seen the "The man in the Moon," he let that risk in for a probably seemed two minutes. "Calm is a reasonable man, Captain. Even as a man," he was a brilliant mathematician, and in mathematics, his potential was considered unequalled in the galaxy."

Kirk stopped talking. "I've heard of him."

"Indeed, there are few who have not."

"But he wasn't a mathematician," Kirk got up and began the excited feeling that he himself wanted his thinking. "I met him on Star Line one, years ago. He was introduced to me as a bacteriologist."

Spock nodded. "In his time, Calm has become proficient, even expert in almost every major field of endeavor, and in each he has made at least one remarkable discovery. He is a genius in every sense of the word. His one, his only failing, is that whatever investigation he begins he is engaged upon very quickly loses the appeal, and within a year or two he moves on to something else."

"You can see why talking to many specialized subjects is one lifetime?"

"It is in that ability that his genius lies. He does not as well embracing everything. He can assimilate knowledge at a speed comparable to our most advanced computer device and he continues to build up upon that knowledge at an amazing rate. Still, his interest in that particular subject wanes."

"When I met him, I noticed,.....various intensity, almost as much about via. A big powerful man that seemed almost to glow."

"He was at one time a champion athlete."

"And you say he's here? At this...." Kirk was about to say "God forsaken" but thought better of it. "Last one of the galaxy?" he finished.

"He is here. Unwillingly, he arrived on the last supply freighter, six months ago."

"Six months? Kirkley said odd things started to happen five months ago. There could be a connection."

"It is a possibility."

For a moment Kirk considered. Then, "Mr. Spock, do you believe in ghosts?"

Spock's mouth opened slowly and Kirk finished he would see the Vulcan stand's agile attempts to come up with a safe non-verbal answer. He never did hear off and result. The alert alarm howled, and he was lunging across the deck for the intercom switch.

"Captain," the communications officer's voice said very stiff, "emergency reported on planet. Further Kirkley says something's wrecking the planet."

"Tell him we're on our way," Kirk snapped. "All decks on standby alert, Order Mr. McCoy to the transporter room," without waiting for an acknowledgment he followed Spock out of the door at a run.

The three officers materialized with a golden shimmer in the recreation hall of the commandery, and their ears were immediately assailed by the most fearful scolding. Instantly Kirk raised his hands in a defensive gesture and McCoy started speaking vigorously, although Kirk failed to catch what. The other two all around them and indeed, as Kirkley said, it seemed their shells and entered their minds. Kirk caught sight of Spock, noted that he looked pale and drawn, but was still functional. McCoy, on the other hand, was staggering, his arms wrapped around his head. Kirk shouted Spock's name, and they rushed

down the passage to the direction Hocking had led them, headed toward.

Hocking's quarters served also as his office and contained the privy equivalent. It was no more than a cell with a desk, chair and a cot bed with a faded blanket. There was a shelf with a few crumpled books to wall with dark covers, a thin sheet of paper on the desk and a miniature crucifix. Hocking was not there. Kirk and Brock abandoned the room and ran on.

The willing rose to an unbearable shriek and the very air seemed to quiver with its intensity. Kirk's sense of direction became confused and it was impossible for him to hold against the noise. He came to an intersection and hesitated. Brock ran on past him and led the way unerringly to the floor of the chapel. There they found Hocking huddled together with two of his Brotherhood against the wall beside the doorway. They made no move toward the entrance, they merely crouched down on the floor and stared at the shattered remains of the stones, seemingly transfixed. There was a smear of blood on Hocking's lip.

Kirk piled into Brock who had stopped in the entrance, plaster in hand, and then edged past him into the chapel and along the wall to Hocking's side. He took the old man's shoulder roughly by the arm.

"What the hell's going on?" he asked desperately.

Hocking came out of his trance and looked at Kirk with dumb eyes.

"It...it's not sure," he said under the noise. "It's back. It came back. You hear..." Kirk nodded. Hocking's eyes became afraid. "I came to talk to it...to reason..." He put a knuckle to his lip and Kirk frowned at the hesitation.

He lifted his head. The willing was everywhere, soaking him to the bone marrow; ever rising to pitch and yet never leaving the range of human hearing. His eyes narrowed against the pain of the sound. On the far side of the chancel one of the lighting units gave vent to a spectacular show of blue white sparks and then popped out, dumping the diamonds and intensifying the strange angular shadows. Then, before Kirk's eyes, one of the sections of the broken arena began to move. It shifted and tipped and then very slowly began to lift one end. Kirk found himself fascinated, quite unable to take his eyes from the stone slowly he knew full well that it weighed in the region of a ton and a half and yet here it was lifting itself of its own volition and with apparent ease. With a deliberate effort of will, Kirk tore his attention away and turned his head. Brock still stood in the doorway, his plaster still in his hand but legs straight down at his side. His head was very slightly tilted and his face might have been called expressionless.

"Speak!" Kirk shouted at him. "Speak!" At the sharp tone Brock seemed to come out of deep meditation. He looked at Kirk with interest and then his lips trembled. "Help me!" Kirk advanced, leading Hocking into an upright position. The man staggered and indeed Kirk found his own legs wobbling. The terrible willing made it difficult to concentrate even on such simple basics as direction and balance. Slipping his plaster under his wrist Brock stepped past him and put an arm round each of the trembling men, lifting them almost bodily. Kirk staggered out into the corridor with Hocking and deposited him against the wall. He turned to help Brock, found that the fellow had already managed his burden and so took a second to look back into the chapel. He saw the great block of stone lift into the air, trembling slightly as if it were a prodigious effort. It hovered there a brief immeasurable moment and then it began to move toward the entrance, and Kirk.

Kirk stepped back out of the way, found Brock immediately behind him looking over his shoulder and pulled him down into the shelter of the wall. The shock was too great to pass through the entrance, it rumbled against the walls of either side with such slight force that it broke into a dozen much smaller

pieces which fell and half blocked the doorway. Part of the hooded structure around the entrance collapsed on top of it and for several minutes the air in filled with flying grit.

Kirk rubbed the dust out of his eyes. His head was ringing with sudden relief. The yelling had abruptly diminished to a low moaning and an occasional broken sob. There was silence, and a stillness that reminded Kirk of the peace to be found in the eye of a storm. The moaning ceased. Kirk looked slowly at Spock who appeared to be listening to something he could not hear, and then the Peltres relaxed. Whatever it was that had been present was gone.

McKay panted up, smiling. He looked ill and wore that a little gut set. He set himself to tending the monks. Kirk and Spock went to the chapel entrance side by side and looked in over the pile of shattered stone. The remains of the arena had been sifted as if by some child giant's hand, and the remains of the plane, repaired before, had been destroyed. Kirk moved its absence and though his Spock sensed it. Kirk turned back to Kirkley.

"Whatever's responsible for this damage is hostile," he said decisively. "Until we're able to do something about it we'll have to evacuate your people to the Enterprise."

Kirkley stared at him, with a horrified countenance. "I'm afraid that's quite out of the question, Captain Kirk. The Brotherhood will not leave Ekoptia." "A temporary measure only, Father," Kirk reassured him.

The old had become agitated. "But you don't understand, Captain! The third Brotherhood is devoted to a life of mastery and worship. He have produced everything your earthly conscience!"

"That's your affair, sir," Kirk said. "But in these circumstances this asteroid can be regarded as a dependent colony, and as a representative of the Federation, the protection of your people is my responsibility. I can use my authority to enforce the evacuation."

Kirkley looked from his stern face to Spock's, and then to McKay's carefully impartial expression. He sighed and made a helpless gesture. "Very well, Captain. I see we have no choice in the matter."

Kirk added curtly, "Now, you'll help Father Kirkley organize his people for transfer to the Enterprise, Mr. Spock, you'll arrange quarters aboard." He looked back wearily into the ruined chapel. "Come along, gentlemen. Let's not waste any time."

It was during the evacuation that Kirk got his first glimpse of the man Spock had positively identified as Lee Gahn. Impressed as he had been at his first meeting with the man, if it was not for Spock's identification Kirk doubted if he would have recognized him. Gahn had changed. The glowing physique of the athlete was gone, the muscular shoulders shrunken and the ribs of the body clanked into visibility beneath the loose garb. But more than anything it was the face that had changed. Gahn's head was hidden in the full folds of his coat; Kirk saw his face only briefly and it reminded him of a narrow triangular skull. His skin was quite white, stretched over a broad veined forehead, his shoulders were sharp protruding angles with hollow shadows beneath, his mouth small and white over a rotted chin. His eyes were lost in the depths of their sockets. He was so pale that an expression of the man first encountered, at that action he grew strangely cold. He looked at McKay who, from his unconscious had been thinking back the same thing, and looked away.

The atmosphere in the briefing room that next morning was somewhat strained. The evacuation was complete and the monks installed safely in the guest quarters on the lower decks. Kirk had granted them the same unrestricted use of the shrine chapel that the crew enjoyed, and that had satisfied their spiritual requirements, and Kirkley assured him that their physical needs had been more than supplied. However, he had made it quite clear that they desired to return to the asteroid at the earliest possible instant. Kirk was

usually believed that they stay aboard until their safety was assured. Spock explained that there was no danger to life of Kirk but in Kirk's mind was still the vision of a massive stone block falling through the air toward him in vacuum vacuum.

They sat across the table at Spock. "Get transferred sensor modes operational quickly."

"Unusual all is account for the phenomena we witnessed, sir."

Kirk spoke slowly. "Mr. Spock, the Neptunemetroid is honeycombed with tunnels like in stone, correct?"

"Correct, Captain."

"What proportion of these tunnels constitutes the anatomy?"

"Seven point three percent, if you include the chambers which contain the life support systems and other essential equipment."

"I am including these," Kirk said, noticing a slight but distinctive emphasis in the Vulcan's voice. "That leaves an awful lot of unutilized area, what about it?" he asked off."

"Negative. The space acts as an atmospheric reservoir."

"Then it's pressurized. Would there be something lurking down there?" Something the sensors can't pick up? Spock looked doubtful but raised no objection. "High security zone," Kirk went on. "I want every inch of those tunnels examined. Doctor McCoy, I believe you've given all of Parker Rickley's people a medical?"

"I took the opportunity while it was there, Sir," McCoy said with a nod. "They're all healthy. Except for Les Cain, of course."

Les Cain and Kirk looked at him sharply. "Les Cain?" Kirk asked.

"Very sure," McCoy frowned and glanced at Rickley. "Didn't you know?"

"How?" Kirk demanded. "How old?"

McCoy looked awkward. Rickley sighed and placed his hands on the table top in front of him. "Les Cain is dying, Captain," he said with a sort of rapid resignation. "He is no longer a young man. After a more than usually full life, he has come to Neptunus to die in solitude and the love of the land."

"Les Cain isn't dying of old age," McCoy said.

"No," Rickley agreed. "He was working in a laboratory on Vega IV. There was an explosion. He was irradiated."

"There's nothing that can be done?" Kirk asked.

McCoy shook his head. "Les Cain is already blind, Sir," he said. "His eyes were destroyed by the radiation damage within weeks. The rest of him'll go on living for a while, a year or two, maybe. But he's dying by inches. Medical science has only prodded the end."

"Cain does not want the time prolonged," Rickley added.

"A man like that...you, I can understand," Kirk said. He was silent for a long moment. "Very good, gentlemen. You'll be informed of any further developments."

Blissed, McCoy and Rickley left the room. Spock remained in his seat looking after them with a worried frown. Kirk looked at him.

"You're upset about Les Cain?" he asked.

"Upset, Sir," Spock looked up at him. "Les Cain has made many contributions to the advancement of science. His death will be mourned." His voice was somewhat flat, his emotions carefully hidden.

"Rickley, then?"

Spock looked at him again, and his eyes were deep. "It is not up place to criticize," he said in a low voice. He stood up and began to gather his tapes.

"Criticize what?" Kirk pressed.

Spock sucked in his lips. "They designate science and the associated civilization primitive, and yet they live here in an artificial environment maintained by specialized equipment and ray-like to space freighters," he said.

Kirk noticed, "Wednesday"

"Is it not?"

"I suppose it is."

Spock bowed his full, iron face, his heavy-lidded and his slanted eyes were fixed to dark slits. He Kirk he looked somewhat pale, pale.

"It has been the same with your people through all the ages," Spock said, "The churches died also for the poor, you were once masters of gold. The people have starved while the church within the Vatican of poverty, and the priests grow fat. That too is hypocrisy."

"May one thing be to another," Kirk said, meeting Spock. "It can't be played to you."

"No," Spock agreed, matter-of-factly.

Kirk went to Kirk bar to see McCoy.

"Do you believe in ghosts, Bones?" he asked.

"McCoy poured brandy into two slender stemmed glasses and grinned at his over the horizon. "Sir, you know I don't believe in anything I can't see smell, touch, or pop in a test tube," he said brightly.

"Better, you're a cynic."

"Have I ever denied it?" McCoy handed him a glass.

"There's something down there that can't be seen or felt, and we certainly haven't been able to grab it up."

"No," McCoy agreed. "But we sure heard it."

Kirk sipped at his drink. "I've been reading up on psychic phenomena. The nearest thing that answers the description is a poltergeist. Bones, did you notice that it was particularly cold during the attack?"

"Cold? Nope," McCoy said unhelpfully. "You don't really go for all this things-that-go-bump-in-the-night stuff, do you, Sir?"

"Spirits ... are drawn to certain types of people. Particularly intense people and people under strain."

McCoy colored. "You're thinking about Cahn."

"Spock told me he arrived just about the time things started happening."

"Cahn's a sick man, Sir, he's dying. Even possessed he would never have caused that noise."

"No," Kirk said, looking into his drink. "He couldn't."

As Cahn rose from his attitude of prayer and turned in the direction of the door, Spock allowed the door to close behind him and stood quite still looking at the frail figure. "I see Spock," he said.

Cahn nodded once. "Spock of Vulcan, I remember you. I know you were at hand." His voice was a mere whisper of what once had been a lion's roar.

"You are dying, sir," Spock said without preamble. "I ask you why you sought yourself away in this place and refused the medical treatment which could ease your pain and prolong your life?"

"The pain is insignificant and I have no wish to live longer. You understand that."

"But why here, sir?"

"Why not? I decided to spend my last days in the service of my God. Does that not satisfy you?"

Spock's eyes narrowed. "Sir, sir."

"So I didn't think it would, shall we just say I felt called?"

"You have been called to many things. You have contributed much to the progress of mankind. You stand in that of a genius. It is not logical to sacrifice..."

"Logical?" Cain shook his head. "It's not sacrilegious anything, my friend. My body is reduced and my mind played out. I have nothing left to offer. I made a mistake. You are a scientist. You know how rarely mistakes are allowed. I am paying the price for my carelessness." He pulled back the folds of his head and Speech saw his eyes, sightless and deep scarred, filled with dead light.

Speech inclined his head. "I was hoping to persuade you to secure your activities. I am sorry to have intruded upon your privacy, etc."

"It has been my honor to meet you again, Speech of Valpar."

Speech turned slowly towards the door. He had asserted for himself the truth: Cain was dying, and there was nothing to be done. Speech was resigned and saddened. Behind him Cain came a straggling noise to his throat. Speech turned back. The man was striding with gale and vicious swiftness, withered muscles repulsing and bulging with strength. The sweat-drops stood out like thick dark ropes and the blind eyes were glowing with black fire. Cain's mouth was open and the choking was coming from deep inside him. He was terrified, his face scorching with fear.

There was no time to run. Speech took a step backwards and slammed the over-wide door, locking the "lock. In the same moment Cain started towards him, striding out beneath the snake's robes.

"Lee Cain!" Speech shouted at him. "Lee Cain!"

The word heard him not. He drew back his arm and lashed out. Speech put up as one to protect his face and took the blow high on the cheek. He was quite literally lifted off his feet. The force of it smashed his back against the wall and he slid down it stunned and quite unable to breath. For an agonized moment he thought he'd been cut in half and then logic reasserted itself. He gasped at the air, made himself swallow some and started through the flashing light that filled his head, looking for Lee Cain.

The work, or the thing, that had taken control of his body had forgotten him. Cain still stood before the door, looking confused, as old men come from the willow grove, a grove that turns a defiling wall that drops his human ancestry. He stepped and then his withered hand reached heartily out, not to the lock but over riden but to the door itself. His fingers fumbled and found a purchase. He heaved. The metal of the door creaked and gradually pulled into place. Lee Cain stared through the hole in the corridor and vanished.

Speech filled his lungs as full as he was able and with the help of the wall stood up. The corridor seemed a long way away. His head spinning, Speech swept his way over to it.

"Speech to bridge. Security alert, security... send me a doctor!"

Kirk and Kelly arrived simultaneously at the locked door. Both stood staring at it for several stunned instants before they could gather their wits enough to look inside the room.

"Speech!" Kirk jumped through the hole and ran to where Speech lay on the deck beside the door. "Speech, for God's sake!"

Kelly made a brief examination. "He's alright. He's been poisoned, but he's alright."

To underline his words, Speech opened his eyes and struggled to sit up.

"Take it easy a minute," Kelly told him. "I've just given you a shot."

"Unnecessary, doctor," Speech gasped, swelling as Kelly went ahead anyway. "Captain, Lee Cain..." He gestured towards the door as if it was the thing for him.

"Lee Cain did that?" Kelly demanded. "And stepped over you to do it?"

"Speech manager's word. He seemed to be..."

"However," Kirk dashed and stood up, reaching for the intercom. "Intercom three, alert all decks. Lee Cain must be apprehended. He's dangerous. Repeat..."

"There's, 'Of all human beings, the only one who can be trusted is the one who is not trusted.'"

Kirk turned slowly to Spock and McCoy. "We need to get 'bigger,'" he said. "Bigger."

Kirk nodded slowly. "Yes, but called by what?"

The officers of the Enterprise had encountered before entities that proved quite unrecognizable unless they utilized the body of a host to make their presence known. Kirk was convinced that it was with some such entity that he now dealt; a being that had lain dormant until the arrival of Lee Kahn with his intense and receptive mind had provided it with the medium through which it might express itself. Kirk's prime concern was to recover Lee Kahn, and then if possible to contact the entity and find out why it had caused such disturbances.

For safety's sake Kirk had withdrawn the two security details working closest to the sanctuary. His theory being that the fewer people there were about the less likely it was that someone would be hurt. Spock and McCoy had traveled alone with him and together the three made a painstaking inspection of the abandoned sanctuary. It was now a sterile place. The entry ducts lit passageways were filled with shadows and the ceilings above took their footfalls so perfectly that when they walked it sounded as though someone else walked also. Of Lee Kahn there was no sign. The search ended fruitlessly where it had begun, at the entrance of the raised chapel.

"Is there any sign of him at all, Mr. Spock?" Kirk asked.

"Negative, sir," Spock looked up from the tricorder. "Readings indicate no life forms within range."

Kirk sighed, took a step towards the chapel and then stopped dead in his tracks as after off the walling began again. The distance between the pain and remote from the sound and made it a less and lessening. The three men stood still and listened to it, exchanging the distance and direction...and then came a shriek that sounded more human than alien. Kirk gestured to Spock and McCoy and started towards the noise.

They came to the place where the completed and finished passages of the sanctuary gave way to the natural tunnels of the asteroid. Here too, the lighting came to an end and the way narrowed into a dark twisting fissure. Spock produced an electric flare and ignited it, and in the patch of swirling shadowy brilliance they moved forward again, alone, reckless and confident.

The walling led them, rising and falling, seeming one moment distant and the next terrifying close at hand, but always out of reach. The walls of the fissure leaned together and the path narrowed until they had to turn sideways to push through it, grating their backs and bellies against the rock. McCoy was gasping before it widened again and then they came to what appeared to be a black wall. Spock reached round with the flare and found an opening low down near the floor. They crawled through to another chamber and another fissure. The path took an abrupt right hand turn and began to angle steeply down into a funnel of loose sliding stone. Kirk went first, leading the way and then McCoy with Spock acting as rear guard with the flare. The pathway was dangerous and uneven. McCoy's ankle turned on a larger stone and his feet slipped free under his. He went down with a yelp, struggling vainly not to grab onto Kirk and drag him down as well. Spock looked ahead round McCoy's arm from behind and added his weight to resisting the avalanche of loose rock that was threatening to bury the slower man. They came to a sliding halt, but in the confusion Spock dropped the flare, and they could do nothing but watch it bounce away from them and roll to a halt a long way below.

The three officers cling together and stand as still as they could against the wall, regulating their breaths, their balance and their view. Kirk could see the faded light of the flare reflecting on the rock at the south of the funnel,

UPDATES (June 11) The most recent issue of WOLFE (dated 4/30/76) lists Jed Taylor as the director hired for the Star Trek movie. According to the article, an script or special effects people have been finalized yet.

STAR TREK IS PRINT Star Trek movie, or so Star Trek movie, ST books sell very well. Here's a brief summary of what's been going on in that area.

The cancellation of the animated Star Trek series brought about a paper in Ballantine's stopwork-regular publication of the Star Trek log books. But the series was renewed this year, with two more log adaptations by Alan Dean Foster. The better of the two, Star Trek Log Days is devoted to just one script, instead of the usual three, giving Foster more room to develop characters and plot. It also gives Ballantine the chance to squeeze more books out of a limited amount of episodes, as it's been announced that future log books will also deal with only one episode.

Ballantine has been working to other areas with ST books though, and has done very well with the Enterprise blueprints and the Star Fleet Technical Manual. Both from the estate of Frank Smythe, is the work now in a set of Klingon ship blueprints, due for publication sometime this year (and at the steep price of \$400). Enterprise blueprints were sold at \$5).

Ballantine also plans to release publication of the Star Trek Compendium, the Ejo Tetsuka-Dorothy Jones reference work to the series, which had previously only been available as a fan publication from John Bristol's Nathan House. The Tinseltown have sold the publication rights to Ballantine, which will have their editors edit this fall, presumably a revision that will combine the first volume with the 3rd volume supplement, Ballantine to include the editorial series he we yet unknown.

Bantam, the other major publisher of Star Trek books should be putting out a posthumous final volume of James H. Hahn ST adaptations very soon now, Star Trek 11, which would exhaust the supply of ST episodes to rewrite into print, was tentatively scheduled for this month, but as of this writing (June 14) has not hit the stands.

With ST episodes exhausted as a source of ST fiction, Bantam has already started looking for other sources. One search has resulted in Star Trek: The New Voyages, a collection of ST fiction from the 1960s, edited by Andre Burtchak and Pierre Oullette. There may be further books in this series. Bantam is

also planning new Star Trek novels; they published James Hahn's Star Trek: The Motion Picture in 1970, and Hahn has expressed a desire to try another one in his preface to Star Trek 11. Now Bantam has hired of veteran Ted O'Connell and newcomer Charles Spang, who are writing (and have probably finished by now) a novel with the working title of Star Trek: The Motion Picture. The novel, due in September, has Mr. Spock driven mad by a new planet survey device, which is supposed to give the user a telepathic link with aliens. Kling language and culture were easily grasped. The backfiring of the machine causes Spock to declare the Enterprise, go AWOL, and plot a religious revolution on the planet he had been surveying. Silently, the Enterprise is consumed by a web-spore virus, and Kirk has to save the day. Needless to say, the novel is an action-adventure.

Bantam may be publishing other ST novels in the future. Six are planned, with O'Connell doing one more, and Joe Badger (recently recruited for the page about for his novel The Enterprise) doing three others.

There may also be future books on Star Trek fables, from Bantam or elsewhere. Bantam published Star Trek: The Motion Picture in 1975. Dr. Lieberman has expressed her dissatisfaction with book, which she says was altered against her wishes by editor pressure. All three authors are working on ST projects of one form or another; the Star Trek book is one result of this, and there may be a book on Star Trek conventions in the future.

Meanwhile, Pocket Books has published Star Trek: The Motion Picture, a collection of 12 scripts for stage, screen and video. Included in the collection (edited by Roger Elwood) is the original final draft of Rodden Hahn's "Tilly on the Edge of Forever". Before being rewritten by Gene Roddenberry, the script dealt more on the conflict of Kirk and Spock than the romance between Kirk and Ilia Decker, and had a drug pusher, rather than a drug lord. McCoy making the trip through the Guardian of Forever to Earth of the 1930's.

Finally, Peter Ray/Peter records has released a shortly made children's disk, entitled simply Star Trek. No credits of any kind are given for the three short ST sci-fi plays on the record, but the cast is not a... original, and one approach (George Takeya to The Motion Picture) has given the script's author to be Alan Dean Foster.

and all around the rim complete and other darkness. He got a sense of the forward and a place in rock tumbled away. He was very much of hearing to look and feel and started to slide himself downward.

The flame had come to rest on the very edge of a precipice. A crumbling shelf of rock fell away into a bottomless black chasm; a narrow ledge along to the side of a sheer wall and the flame became merely a flicker of light in the darkness, quivering hesitantly before the growing shadow. Kirk crouched down and stretched his back and arm and fingers, trying to reach the torch without upsetting his precarious balance and sending himself and the flame tumbling away into oblivion. His fingertips brushed the smooth casing. The loose edge of the shelf crumbled and fell beneath his weight, pieces of rock shattered and bounced down the side of the cliff and the revelations gave him full the dimensions of a landslide. The flame reached, teetering on the edge of the drop. A stream of cold sweat ran down Kirk's back. He strained himself farther out over the treacherous rock, reached the case and snatched at it. Kirk swung, on the verge of losing his balance, one hand stretched out in front of his grasping the flame and the other behind. He was afraid. He was, unable to move, unable to say out. The strength of Spock's arm had locked round his wrist, holding him back.

McCoy touched Kirk's arm, but his concern was not with the Captain's bloodless swaying face or the uncontrolled trembling of his limbs. He was not even looking at Kirk. The doctor raised a hand and pointed along the ledge to where the prehistory of the flame light showed, a pair of thin legs protruded from a bundle of dusty gray looking cloth.

Kirk forgot his own fright, and holding the flame aloft, he edged carefully along the ledge. The bundle was, as he'd expected, Lee Cahn. In his soaked robes. The man lay face down, both arms flung out in front of him as though he'd fallen while crossing full path. Now an aging man who had got this far there didn't dare think although of course, the lack of light didn't matter to Lee Cahn's blind eyes. McCoy pushed past Kirk and knelt down.

"He's dead," the doctor said at once. "Whatever it was his presence here seemed to finally took his over, and burned out the last of an old man's strength."

The wailing, which for some minutes had been little more than a low moan suddenly increased to a scream of grief that made their ear drums throb. They were assailed by a crushing awareness of presence, and then it was gone and there was silence.

They all jumped when Kirk's communicator beeped. "Kirk here," Kirk said whitening his.

"Willie here, sir," a distant disembodied voice said. "Search party number four. We've found something, sir. I wish it might be what you're looking for."

Kirk looked a beat time at Lee Cahn, no longer a great athlete, a great scientist or a great author, merely what all men come to, an empty shell. "Do you say, Mr. Willie," he said, and looked to Spock to supply the coordinates from the triometer.

But Willie had found something not really to be described as a tomb; it was simply a dying place, and it was very very old. The bones of its single occupant were fragile and flicking, brown with age and recovered by what had been until the comparatively recent arrival of the monks, an atmosphere of dry inert gas. It had been a large structure, built again as tall as a man, a hiped with five long fingers and four long toes and a web of a tail. The broad head lay open intelligence and the long snout still housed a formidable array of teeth; a wall of impenetrable blue scales still adhered to the skull. It had died on its side, curled up into a ball with its knees drawn up tight into its chest like a little child afraid of the dark.

"The dead's coming back at it," said a man in the crowd. "I can see no sign of it at all," said Kirk. "I've been told that it had fallen until the light of day." The man pointed his pointing glass.

Kirk looked down at it and a great sensation of grief that was not his own welled up and filled him to the brim. The words of the dead man welled in his ear, conveying to him the feeling of an unrequited death and the grief of a lost Paradise. "All right," Kirk murmured, beginning at last to comprehend. "All right." He turned to Spook, "Mr. Spook, call up the Reverend. Have Father Pickney come down and tell him to come prepared to conduct a burial service."

Spook looked beyond him at the arm-biting house and his face took on a distinctly skeptical expression. "I do not understand, Captain," he said slowly.

Kirk followed his gaze. "I'm dying a heathen, Mr. Spook. On old earth, the Apache Indians disliked fighting at night. They were afraid that if they died in the dark they would never be given a proper burial and their souls would never find the way to heaven. It's an ancient fear, call it a superstition if you like, but even today we don't let a body lay in the dark. There's always candles."

Spook opened his mouth as if he were about to say something and then closed it again. His expression of skepticism deepened, but all he said was, "Your ancestors have been known to say off before, Captain."

Blankley came down and brought with him a cross and a tattered prayer book and with Kirk and his officious standing round, he began to intone a simple service. All they had was a heap of wandering bones. There were no artifacts, not even clothing remained. There was nothing by which to tell the beliefs of the officers they committed to eternity. It had probably been a traveller like themselves, an explorer maybe, a journeyman of some unknown race, a cowboy or a hermit in this lonely place, peace and prayer all look alike in death. In any event it had died alone and now they buried it officially.

Blankley had not finished the first sentence of the ritual when the setting ceased with a final sigh and there was silence. A feeling of apprehension which had been constantly present but never consciously acknowledged, lifted and became noticeable by its sudden absence. They felt glad, as if the corners of age were eased.

Somewhere in the middle of the service, Spook left. Kirk was not sure exactly when or how but when he lifted his head from prayer the Colonel was gone. Kirk sought to know why. He was to the reading of the text and arranged for the participation of the monks to their assembly before he looked for him. Spook was in the chapel dealer at the chartered cross with dark and hooding eyes. Kirk went in quietly and stood beside him, and although Spook said nothing Kirk knew he was aware of him.

"You're thinking 'em 'em then," Kirk said.

"No," Spook negated. "Lee Cain was a great man. His life was over, he was prepared to die, it's this," he indicated the cross with a sweep of the hand.

"The altar wanted the cross to draw attention to itself. In the same way the same live differently the ways of death are sometimes different. The saints couldn't die until the body was properly committed."

"So that the eternal soul might rest?"

Kirk looked at his oddity. "Are you getting religion, Mr. Spook?"

Spook shook his head. "My people do not acknowledge a god as you do, Sir. We have never felt the need for one. If there is a force of creation somewhere, it is either outside our comprehension, or within us all. We do not know. But if it does exist, it doesn't care for me; it surely is, or we would not be. We are no reason to fall down and worship it."

"An amazing creature," Kirk said. "I see what you're getting at. Poverty and pain and hatred through all the ages."

Ed Raszpanski's Gun report, concluded,...

where I sat three girls. One of them was relating a breathtaking story of how she saw Leonard Perry suicide before "the gun" happened to be in the elevator that the cops encourage them to escape from their fear in. On the way up, she asked him for an autograph on the only writing surface she had -- a glassy Dr. Peppé, but she said Leonard was very good natured about it. Upon her return to the ground floor we sat. Introductory talks were exchanged and we decided to hang out in the 12th floor lobby with the hopes of meeting some of the other past speakers as they left their suites.

We remained there until 4:45 pm. During those three hours, we met the following well-known people: Nancy Kuriel, who was the most gracious person we met; Koenig, who simply refused to grant us a signature; Richard Williamson; Trishida, and David Corrojo. Whether anyone else remained after that point was unverifiable. We were told that Budah and Bailey had arrived by a service elevator. Thatman had left earlier that day.

What better way to top off this day than at my summer home with Leonard King's answer to questions about making the upcoming action picture:

"I hear that Robert Redford wants to play Captain Kirk."

(audience responds with a loud chorus of "NO!")

"Paul Newman wants to play Mr. Spock."

(audience reaction is a mixture of howls, laughs, hisses, and demands of "NO!")

"I heard this somewhere, and I suspect there to true...Flip Wilson wants to play Lt. Uhura."

(spontaneous laughter and applause)

- Ted Raszpanski

James Byard's Gun report, concluded,...

non-profit SF gun tradition and something which resembled appearance fees. Also, some problems were presented full details of their registration fees and were told (after the fact) that they can't not afford that much.

But just from the standpoint of having a first gun run that well, offer such a variety of entertainment, and much as may one time; Lisa's 18 months of planning were worth it. It was an incredible first Chicago con, and we owe Lisa for making it obvious that our area can support one with style and flair. Thanks to her success, we can expect another one, and while it may be bigger, our first one will always be special.

-William Byard

Tale of a Wisconsin Death, concluded,...

"and the wars fought in the name of religion, and the children born against their will, and the deceased that die in agony." You-k added with such strange vehemence that Rick was startled.

"The sins of the fathers..." he quoted. Spock tossed his head...angrily? "No. I don't think you'd be able to swallow that. Some people send the word of a God as much as they need food to eat. They can't live without it. It's just the same way that you can't accept it. Each can start believe what his own gods and his own superstitions dictate that he believes."

Spock stood still a long moment and then nodded without looking up, and slowly walked away.

- Jennifer Gettridge

ALL MAILING FREQUENCIES/Letters on current

1-11

We'll be having a short letterexchange with Anne, Betty, and Elizabeth in 3 months gap between issues, I tend to lose things or file them before I get a chance to print them. But it is a year fault that there are no areas of witty letters. There are the angry accusations, the loving language, the verbal funny facts. Something will have to be done about this. Meanwhile, write.

William Seward 8pm:1988 (we'll give another. All that money, just went-
Box 195 and Brian and Louise have always been good before, but then
Tisbury Park, IL They have no plot to support them. MI was edited as intel-
ligently and often scripted well, we never noticed that her
style was a little weaker at times. I'm afraid '99 is going
to do well, and furthermore, there are going to be more and more of (their
form) among the Trekkies at the core. But to the main degree, perhaps has just
don't have the kind of background with '99 to support the kind of fan Trekkies
used to be. The details just aren't consistent or even sufficiently interesting
to be the basis of fan investigation the way Trekkies was and still is. There
will always be some who will try to go that route, of course. But they will find
it hard, because the Andersons don't seem to be set up to reward or encourage
that kind of response. Gene, et al, were surprised a little by the response,
but they handled it well, both in '92. The Andersons and their production
people, and even the stars, don't seem to be ready or interested in their fans.
They say yes as a courteous response, but they haven't done their homework, and
you can guess the problems involved with trying to locate the various cast
members & staff, over time, with such as schedules (and scattered by now) hard
to answer questions. If it had been filmed over time, with American actors, it
might have been more lively, therefore more successful to our tastes, and easier
to get responses because of the distance and money postage problems. That may
seem small to you, but if you have ever worked politically, you know small things
like that can make a big difference.

((How you know my general of fans are often hostile to ST fans. Just as
you view Anne:1988 as an indicator work that does not deserve all the attention
it has been getting, as many of fans view Star Trek. and they often sound as
irritated as you, although they usually talk it is money.))

Yes, Ted's (Ted White, editor of the sf magazine Analog and the fantasy
magazine Fantastic who has criticized ST in his editorials) prejudices as much
to be directed to unreasonable fan, and with a certain amount of good reason.
To be honest, some things in Trek are awful, and a lot of us will admit it.
The problem is that Ted only looks at that extreme and refuses to see that most
of us are decent, not fanatics. He just ignores the letters that voice his about
extreme views from other good material, so I guess the other letters got
to him. The very ability to be so vocal and literarily precise is what we
like each other, just might have caught up with us in this case.

Keith Brown 10's a rather defense, but it won't work. ((But it
"GCP Edgewood Blvd. talking of my defense for addressing Lt. Commander Groot
rings/pole/mine. (of Jeanne Butler's Bill Brown failed series) as Lieutenant
'99:17 MIA. instead of the usual Commander? In anybody's army/navy/
military of any sort, a Lieutenant rank gets called a "Lieut.",
"Lieutenant" means "place-holder", i.e., "not as good as/without/a/lieutenant,"
you don't call an Assistant Professor "Assistant", and you don't call a Lt.
Commander "Lieutenant". If you for some reason don't want to call them Professor
and Commander, you don't in effect call them "not as good as", in the case you
mention, of writing up good collect/psychologist relations, the ship would
be called "Dr." ([*wags*])

STAR TREK CONVENTION LISTINGS

July 2-10 Los Angeles: July 2-27 Paris International Star Fleet Conventions "Special activities during these days consist. Many specializations, conventions, sight seeing, etc." For info, call 808-380-8600.

July 2-11 Washington D.C.: Star Trek Range of Washington D.C., Spafford Regency Hotel, Proceeds donated to Children's Hospital, Conferences: James Jackson, Michelle Placido, George Baker. Membership: \$18. Info: Ken Y. W. Pallas Church, 76 22045 WA.

July 16-20 Phoenix, Arizona: Phoenix Convention and Star Trek Convention. Info: 1233 E. Chetney Drive, Phoenix, AZ 85008 AZ.

July 17-19 Toronto: Toronto Star Trek '76. Royal York Hotel, Conferences: James Jackson, Walt Koenig, Grace Lee Whitney, Marian Milson, Gordon Dickson, the Tribbles, Membership: \$18, Info: 404 Curt Clement, 430 South Austin, Oak Park, IL 60304 USA.

July 30-Aug 1 College Park, Maryland: The August Party, University of Maryland, Membership: limited to 1200. \$2.50 til July 10, \$3.00 at door. Info: 400 Chaff, Maryland Student Union, U. of Maryland, College Park, MD 20742 USA.

July 30-Aug 1 Toledo, Ohio: Feb-Don 1. Info: Ken 4073, Jackson A, Box 22, Toledo, OH 43602 USA.

Aug 2-6, Norfolk Virginia Star Trek Convention, Conferences: Michelle Nichols, Gordon Dickson, Frank Kelley Press, Jim Winston, 21 advance, \$7 at door. Info: Ken 4480, South Station, Arlington VA 22204 USA.

Aug 13-14, Salt Lake City: Intercontinental Star Trek/Science Fiction Convention (Lawson). Fri-Sat Travelodge, Salt Lake City/Archie (Box 2, 808 South). Conferences: E. Foster, the Tribbles, Bob ("The ST Guy") Wilson, James McGee, Jerry Rowell, Nathan ("Wink of an Eye") Brown, Membership: \$18 (non-attending: \$12) otherwise. Info: Ken 11077, Salt Lake City, UT 84107 USA.

Sept 1-4, St. Centennial-10, Info: 22 New York Plaza, New York, NY 10036 USA. Nov 22-23, Washington Star Trek Convention, Sheraton Park Hotel (East, D.C.) Info: Ken 4076, Minneapolis, UT 55426 USA.

FRANKY Star Trek once again found itself the target of humorists, this time on the television series "Saturday Night".

The program, aired live over NBC 3 Saturdays a month, aired a skit on the May 29 program in which the Enterprise found itself being chased across the galaxy by a band of NBC executives, who finally boarded the starship and cancelled the show. Kirk (Gene Roddenberry) and Spock (Cherry Chase) found their pleasure being whisked from time and returned to the group department as the skit ended. Guest host Elliot Gould played one of the executives.

I have not been able to see the show myself, but one observer tells me that John Belushi's imitation of Kirk is excellent, especially considering he looks nothing like him.

In the few months on the air, "Saturday Night" has earned a reputation for open satire previously unknown on American commercial tv, making one of the regulars, Cherry Chase, an overnight star. Chase, like John Belushi and others in the cast and writing team are formerly of the National Lampoon.

FRED FRIEDBERGER Fred Friedberger, 3rd season producer for Star Trek has been hired to produce the second season of "Star: 1977", the I.T.S. show that got off with tremendous success this past season in American syndication, after the through U.S. networks turned the series down. The 1st show was previously produced by Sylvia Anderson, wife of now producer Gerry Anderson. The duo had worked together on previous shows such as "UP" and various science fiction adventure shows, but the producing team broke up this year, (apparently along with a breakup in marriage). The 2nd season has the series operating with a larger budget, and with Catherine Schell in place of Barry Morse as third woman. Friedberger has evidently made several changes in the show, which had been criticized as being stodgy and hopelessly ignorant of science, I.T.S. see a 6 page ad in the trade weekly Spaceflight (June 7) in which the introduction of 2nd Villains, for the 2nd season episode was quoted, several of them noting the new producer, Natalie Landon and Murray Close who's the British produced series.



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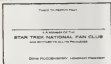
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BOOKINGS

THE CHICAGO REVIEW, the journal of the Southern Illinois University SF Society. In the latest issue, a discussion of Gordon Dickson's *Reveries* series, plus suggestions back and forth on sf stories from Don Ayres and Ben Indick. 75¢ a copy from Mail Order, 217 South Hall, Thompson Hotel, S.W., Charleston, IL, 60601 USA.

THE LILIAN COUNCIL, the monthly SF letterazine, a treasury of discussion and reviews. \$2.00 or \$1.75/4. Free mailing money. 74 Newark Road, Belair, NY, 11804 USA.

STUFF FOR SALE



ONE THOUSAND CARDS of the type seen above were printed for the Star Trek National Fan Club, which later became the United Federation of Star Trek Fans, now defunct. The remaining 900 cards (give or take a few) are now up for grabs. Each card is on hole punch cardboard with embossed lettering. Card shown above is actual size. Minimum bid is one (1) U.S. dollar for whole set of 1000. Bids must be postmarked by October 1st, 1978. Send all bids to Jim Meadows, 31 Apple Court, Park Forest, IL 60466 USA.

STUFF FOR SALE, cont.

UNITED FEDERATION OF STAR TREK FANs 1149' notice what I want to get rid of the following:

1. Various unused postals with messages embossed on them. PRICE TO GIVE THE SHOW, OR, SPOOK FOR FURNISHMENT, I GIVE SPOOK, SPOOK IT TO ME, 10¢ ea. Limited Supply. Please indicate message.
 2. Postage, black lettering on green. I GIVE OR, SPOOK, Only two left, 10¢ each or 15¢ for both.
 3. Portocoin/vallet stand like six free first seasons, of various cast members in character. All are 'signed' as follows: "My best, William Shatner", "Legendarily, Leonard Nimoy", "James Decker", "Chris Lee Wilsey", 10¢ each, please specify which photo you want. Supply limited.
 4. Postcard "Y'all", Jed season like group shot of Deke, Scott, Vance & Decker standing in transporter chamber waiting for something to happen. 10¢ each. Supply limited.
- No postal charge for USA & Canada. Others go by meter system: when you receive package, check postage on it, and send back 75% of that amount by A.S. or P.S.D.
- Small amounts of sets will probably survive being mailed if not left rattling in envelope, larger amounts safer by airtight or P.S.
- Jim Meadows, 31 Apple Court, Park Forest, Illinois, 60466.

Send ads with payment to Jim Meadows, 31 Apple Court, Park Forest, IL 60466 USA.

Robert A. W. Lowndes as James Kirk's Star Trek fiction...

"I cannot comment on his series of 'Star Trek' books. The first few came out when I was still reading him regularly on the train Friday evenings and I mentioned once that I hadn't gotten around to them yet. His reply was, 'Don't bother,' so (like Sir) I never have. I would however, expect them to be well done as their authors and enjoyable reading. They were done on a matter of convenience necessity, so in that extent they might be considered back work - but no more so than Jim's western and detective pulp stories back in the 40's and early 50's. I would not expect to find any slipshodness in them nor any implications of contempt for the stories, the media, or the readers - the marks of a real hack."

-from Lowndes' obit for Kirk, who died July 30, 1979. Reprinted from LUGBS.

William Shatner Bill Shatner keeps busy.
The Starliner (Sund.), the espionage western on ABC in which he starred was cancelled by that network in mid-season, and a CBS *Playhouse 90* special "Death Level" in which he plays a Fido has been pushed from this schedule due to the drama's grisly content. But this is not keeping Bill Shatner off tv. Scheduled for syndication this fall is *Richard Hanniker*, a tv series hosted by Shatner which will deal with exotic sports such as kang gliding, karate, sky diving, and so on. Tv Sports Scores is the production company.

As for Star Trek, Shatner has said repeatedly that if anyone played Capt. Kirk again, he would, and is, according to Leonard Nimoy, very close to signing with Paramount to play Kirk in the proposed ST movie. Meanwhile, he continues his appearances at ST conventions, although the high rates he commands have limited his appearances to the largest ones.

Shatner's acting work on *MOVIE* in and around has been close to non-existent recently, as Nimoy has found his preferred work on the stage. Taking up most of his time during 1976 has been the touring production of William Gillette's play "Sherlock Holmes". Written in 1899 as a stage-acting vehicle for Gillette, the play was revived by the Royal Shakespeare Company in 1974, and successfully exported to New York. Leonard Nimoy was hired to play Holmes in the production derived from that production, and has been playing in the production with such box office success across the United States and in Canada, including Detroit, Cleveland, Los Angeles, Denver and Chicago (the last stop). The comparison between the cold logical Spock and the cold logical Sherlock Holmes has been often made, yet Nimoy's portrayal of Spock's great detective is nothing like Spock, and more similar to the standard Basil Rathbone-type portrayal of Holmes. Chicago critics praised Nimoy's breezy interpretation of the role, complaining that he "gives the impression of Johnny Carson trying to play James Bond", and calling his characterization "a well dressed Einstein". The fact that the whole production to more a comedy of Gillette's play rather than a straight production probably didn't go well

with critics either, although it seems to have done fine by the audience who paid up to \$10 to see the play.

Starting July 6, Nimoy will be at the Melody Top Theatre in Milwaukee, playing a role in "My Fair Lady" (Rogers' Pinkertown Fantasy). After that, a lecture tour is planned; Nimoy will speak on "acting, science fiction, my poetry and Star Trek".

In television, Nimoy was to be the host of a Boris Valpar produced series, "The Secretland", which would deal with the Winans and the serials (Baruch, Arrogance, Big Book, UFO's and so on). The series would have been syndicated by Columbia Pictures Television this fall, and a pilot show was produced and syndicated as a special. Evidently though, C.P.T. was unable to line up enough stations to make full prospective worthwhile, and the show was dropped.

However, Alan Landsburg's production company hired Nimoy to host "In Search Of...", a documentary series on the most recent subject as "The Space Shuttle". Shapiro Productions will definitely syndicate 26 programs in the series this fall to various tv stations.

Nimoy has been working on other projects as well. His third book, *I Am Not Symbiotically Published by Colonial Arts* (don't get me wrong) is the title suggests, but only tries to draw boundary lines between the man Nimoy and the character Spock that Nimoy was engulfed in for those years. Nimoy has also done for Caplan records, two disks of readings from the sf of Ray Bradbury. One disk is from *The Martian Chronicles*, the other is from *The Illusion-Maker*.

Other cast members aren't quite as busy, although they all seem to show up at the same. James Doohan reportedly is working steadily on the stage. Nichelle Nichols is developing a singing career, with an album in the works. Hopefully, Willie Linn Campbell, who played Trefles in "The Empire of Grison" and Kalith in "The Incredible Yith Tribbles" has an on-wife who recently confessed to being mistress to the late John F. Kennedy while he was president. This, however does not bring results.

ANNOUNCEMENTS I would like to thank the Southern Illinois University Science Fiction Society for their assistance in getting this issue of STT printed.

SOME OF THEM

TRICKSOME Sylvia Rogers has announced the launching of Tricksies, an index for Star Trek fans.

Tricksies will attempt to list authors and titles of fiction and non-fiction work in Tricksies, along with book reviews and art credits. The cross-reference section will try to list all ST fan publications ever published, with indications as to whether the publication is still in print.

Rogers, a librarian herself, is working on the index with other tricksies of similar skill to produce what she hopes to be "a serious reference tool for serious reference by serious science fiction fans, creative writing teachers and librarians."

Those wishing to help out Ms. Rogers by sending material (or info about same) for indexing should write her at Box 124, Fair Lane NJ, 07401 USA, or phone 801-791-6321. She is looking for media-hunts, especially those with massive collections to draw upon as a reference.



Ms. Sylvia Rogers is meeting her way through the Star Trek fan index, 1970-1971, and 1.

Photo by Bill and
Dorothy Rogers

Copyright 1970-1971 Bill and
Dorothy Rogers

TWO THIRDS Galaxy News Service of New York City has started professional publication of THE FINAL FRONTIER, a monthly newsletter of Star Trek news.

I have received only two issues of the newsletter as my six issue subscription, dated March and April, and I don't know if the publication is still solvent or not. The two issues did contain some slickly produced and featured a fascinating, informal and slightly disorganized style of writing under the hand of editor Allan Asherman. The newsletter gives info on ST toys and merchandise, as well as news on the future of ST itself, and related trivia. Subscriptions (if THE FINAL FRONTIER is still being published) are \$15 a year from Galaxy News Service, 11 West 17th St, New York, NY 10011 USA.

T-SHIRTIVE TO Beth Korman (address to SLY FRANKLIN, lettercolumns) announced to issue 20-21 of T-SHIRTIVE that the membership booklet will be discontinued after two more double issues. T-SHIRTIVE is ST fanzine's longest running one. It has been published since the late 60's and is perhaps best known for the publication of Jacqueline Kitching's SMITH series of ST fiction. Beth Korman also publishes or has published another fanzine, NO, and has sold a fair deal of sf, including work to Star Trek: The New Voyages.

GOOD Star Trek conventions are now a profitable commodity. It may be needless to know how that New York Star Trek '70, a New York City ST con held this past January has attendance of around 30,000. The New York Attorney General's office investigated the convention's management, after charges of overcharging were made (many were turned away from the con because of lack of room) but the investigation was later dropped. Con near Lisa Rogers has pledged to refund all those who couldn't get in, if money is left over after expenses.

A more detailed report of Lisa Rogers' first convention follows on p. 3. Con listings and more news appears on page 31.

THE REPORT

The Chicago Star Trek and Science Fiction SpringCon was about / months ago. This is in keeping with Star Trek being a ~~Sci-Fi~~ kind of publishing very delayed magazine. Oh well..... years to make up for being late. We have two reports this time, with two slightly different points of view (people being slightly different and all that. No change from column 1, and then from column 2, and leave.....

What follows Bayard says.....

The first Chicago Star Trek and Science Fiction Spectacular (Aug 22-24, 1977) did live up to its name in many ways. Despite my suspicion of another poorly timed event, it was (at the time) the largest and best-attended con (guaranteed as well as fans) ever!

Besides all the books and regulars, we were treated to a veritable procession of pros of lectures by Robert Bloch, Hal Clement, Harlan Ellison, Philip José Farmer, Frank Kelly Freas, and David Gerrold. There were worthwhile movies (1966, 1968, 1971 Star Trek episodes, etc.), The Andromeda Light Show, an SF song fest, Corinne Hall, Dr. Kresche, a real astronomer, signs for sale (among other things), etc. If you begin to suspect that choosing from among all this made me a little overwhelmed, you're right. But what magnitude torture! And all those shiny Trekkers running around, when many of us had thought for years that "I am the only SF fan left alive".

The Trekkers themselves were in fine form; and it was interesting to see how they had changed and hung about their current activities.

Arlene Bartel (T'Pol) spoke briefly; but unfortunately her "act" made her seem neither arrogant and unapproachable, as well as uninformed on some basic Vulcan sociology. She "invented" a new Vulcan salute language she said is the official. No, thanks, Arlene.

When Mark Leonard was asked what Andromeda did for a living before she married Kirk, the fans shouted with "housewife". But he came back immediately with "that may have been what she wrote home to the folks, but..." Then a serious-looking fan stamped everybody with "What is the Vulcan gestation period?"

Barter Kresche was shocked when he sort of reluctantly gave us a few words in the Oakton session, and his personal body George Takei discussed his recent

What Ted Sengstacker says.....

I arrived at the Conrad Hilton Hotel on Saturday afternoon at 2:30, just a half-hour ahead of a major session. This would be the first time since Star Trek's manifestation that the entire cast would be assembled again.

I purchased a two-day pass, costing twenty dollars. (Actually, admission for all three days was \$25, or \$15 per day. I opted for 2/3 of a "season ticket" even though there was only one event scheduled on Sunday that I wanted to attend.)

THE WORLD OF STAR TREK

The International Ballroom witnessed about 2,000 conventioners with the intensive regime of the Enterprise' command center. This would serve as the stage for the next.

At 3:00 pm we were treated to an appearance by each cast member lasting an average of 25 minutes. Besides referring the audience of their current projects, the stars also accepted questions. Unfortunately, most inquiries were trivial. Some of the more interesting replies, however, were:

"I enjoyed playing the Ecuadorian character more than Kirk because of the greater acting challenge, but in terms of popularity, Dr. Spock's father stole his show." -- Kirk Leonard, alias from the same man.
Q: "Why did you marry Arlene, over though she was not a Vulcan?" A: "At the time, it seemed the logical thing to do."

James Doohan explained the manner in which a stardom career was built: "...not by accumulation but by 'bigging into' it."

"What changes would you like to see in the character of Spock, or

Los Angeles Times, 1969-07-10, 10:00 PM

Los Angeles Times, 1969-07-10, 10:00 PM

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Los Angeles Times, 1969-07-10, 10:00 PM

the others, in the upcoming film? That characterizing question tended to bother me. Many are, and to say, by-passed with the question. Their worry about that when we get there."

In addition to their G and A sessions, several interviews were conducted, interviews or talents outside of acting. John Larkin was 'tapped' for roles, was kept out in following fashion. For the interview, many were jugged part. Otherwise, he would have been staying down for some time. In sang a couple of Irish songs before making his exit.

Michelle Nichols sang one number, demonstrating good vocal range. She is currently pursuing a singing career.

Edward Riley read excerpts from the introduction to his book I Am Not Black.

Julius Ferial (who portrayed T'Poling) said she is working on a book relating the events which occurred after the Jitter Bug in that famous episode.

DeForest Kelley appeared the least comfortable on stage until he did a feat of manual dexterity which drew heavy applause. He took a Jim Cook, placed it upright between his knuckles and made it cartwheel back and forth between his fingers.

The only cast members who have altered their physical appearance are George Takei, who has allowed his hair to grow over the collar, and James Doohan, who has appeared a beard and mustache.

An incident which brought some sad news to the enthusiastic audience was quickly allayed by moderator David Goodall. Between appearances on stage by the actors, a portion in the audience showed out his disapproval. "Is this worth twenty dollars?" Goodall ran down a list of possibilities the late viewer could avoid himself of. "Besides," he explained, "you have five authors who have donated their time. If you were to attend a writer's conference with these same people you would pay an extra fee for the course alone, if not more."

The audience roared its unanimous approval.

To end "The World of Star Trek" the actors met some out on stage together for bow and to pose for photographs. (Someone had announced someone before that time and Karpowicz were present and had requested the picture session.) Attendance, they were quickly escorted to their tables by armed Klingon bodyguards. (Talk about security.)

The audience was hoping for an autograph session after the three-hour presentation but this wish was not to come true. It was up to each individual's luck to encounter a star willing in the crowd and obtain his signature then. Some people I met said that after the initial stage presentation an autograph session was held, but only 100 people were fortunate to get one before that attempt had to be called off.

A girl I met on Sunday told me she knew firsthand that the event was cancelled after the hundredth person because she was the 100th in line, and her good fortune was the result of some nice guy letting her get in front of him in line.

In retrospect, it is odd that I was not in attendance at any of the Star Trek sessions, e.g., the NASA-sponsored lectures and, by chance, Dr. Spock's Q/Q presentation. Skipping the latter was simply due to hunger pains and a need to stretch after sitting through three hours of "The World of Star Trek."

At this time only half the available rooms were scheduled with activity. The International Ballroom was being set up for Dr. Spock's lecture. I wasn't sure whether the costume judging was cancelled or switched to another time. Across the hall, in the Grand Ballroom, "Forbidden Planet" was being shown. I wanted to see the film but hunger dictated otherwise and I knew if I

continued on next page

